

CELLULOID DIVERSIONS

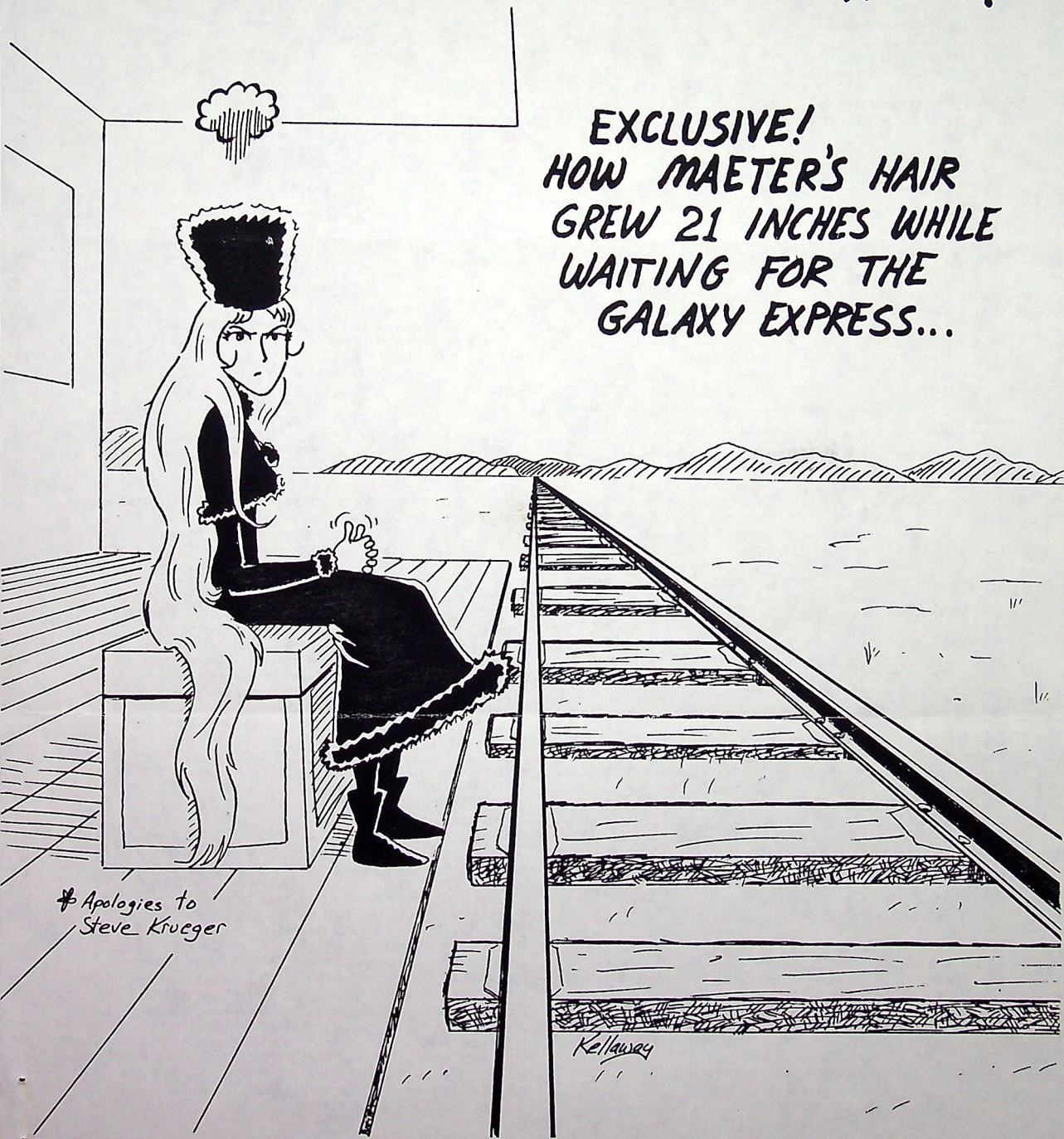
FORMERLY THE C/FO-SAN ANTONIO NEWSLETTER

THE BEST ANIME NEWSLETTER IN THE WEST!!!

EXCLUSIVE!
HOW MAETER'S HAIR
GREW 21 INCHES WHILE
WAITING FOR THE
GALAXY EXPRESS...

* Apologies to
Steve Krueger

Kellaway





CELLULOID DIVERSIONS



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C/F/O-SAN ANTONIO OFFICERS

Brian Sutton - President	Ray Elliott - Treasurer
Randall Stuke - Executive	Craig York - Director
Leslie Shafer - Secretary	Ed Sevcik - Director

SISTER ORGANIZATIONS

SDF-Fort Worth	C/F/O-Charleston
C/F/O-Denver	Argon Weyr

WHAT IS C/F/O-SAN ANTONIO

The Cartoon/Fantasy Organization is a world-wide fan group dedicated to the enjoyment of animation and fantasy from all over the world. C/F/O-San Antonio is a chapter affiliated with the general C/F/O. Membership in C/F/O-San Antonio is to anyone interested in animation, whether or not you are a member of the general C/F/O. No chapter dues are required of Associate members. Associate members are listed in the C/F/O-SA Membership Directory, receive a bit of priority when it comes to obtaining tape copies from the chapter video library or membership in APA HASHIN, and can form branch organizations in their own area. Sustaining Membership costs \$3.00 a year and entitles all of the above benefits plus a copy of the annual Chapter Handbook/Membership Directory published each spring. Subscriptions to the Celluloid Diversions newsletter are extra. C/F/O-San Antonio is a democratic, not-for-profit, educational organization.

C/F/O-SAN ANTONIO MEETINGS

C/F/O-San Antonio currently meets on the second Sunday of every month at the meeting room of the Winston Apartments, located on Sir Winston Drive, just off of Blanco Road north of Loop 410 in north central San Antonio. Anyone needing directions should contact either Brian Sutton (512-655-4708), Randall Stuke (512-655-2678), or Robert Gibson (512-657-7296). Donations of \$1.00 from General C/F/O members and \$2.00 from non-general C/F/O members are requested from all attending the main meeting. A second meeting is often held late in the month, call Randall Stuke for more information.

JOINING THE GENERAL C/F/O

Although membership in the general C/F/O is not required for membership in C/F/O-San Antonio, we do encourage people to join the general organization. For up to date information on the general C/F/O, please send a SASE to the following address and ask for a copy of the C/F/O's General Information Bulletin:

Cartoon/Fantasy Organization
Attn: Membership Information
P.O. Box 18261
San Antonio, TX 78218-0261

PUBLICATION INFORMATION

EDITORIAL ADDRESS:

Address all contributions, subscriptions, review items, requests for trades, etc. to the following address:

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Brad Gill (p 5)
Dan Kellaway (cover)
Nei Mo Han (p 5)
Andy Temple (p 12)
John Wilson (p 6, 9)

SUBSCRIPTIONS/TRADES

CELLULOID DIVERSIONS is currently being published monthly, but this publication schedule is definitely not guaranteed. Subscriptions costs are as follows:

SUB LENGTH	IN US	CANADA/MEXICO	OVERSEAS
3 issue	\$ 6.00	\$ 6.00	\$12.00
6 issue	\$11.00	\$11.00	\$22.00
12 issue	\$20.00	\$20.00	\$40.00

Checks/Money Orders must be made payable to DRAGONFIRE PRODUCTIONS and must be in US Funds drawn on a US Bank (or an international postal money order). If your subscription is current (check your mailing label next to SAN EXPIRES for the month and year of your last issue) and you haven't received your issue by the 20th of the month, drop the editor a line ASAP - both we and the post office make mistakes. Trades for your newsletter/fanzine can be arranged, contact the editor for more information.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions of art, articles, fiction, news, synopses, etc. are ALWAYS NEEDED. Despite the "fancy" format, this is a FAN publication, we'll print almost anything anime-related that is in good taste (this is a family publication) and that is not too big or too long. All substantial contributors to an issue will get their subscription extended by one issue!

ADVERTISING

Free ads are inserted at the sole discretion of the editor. The base rate for camera-ready copy is \$30.00 per full page. Advertisers are solely responsible for the accuracy and content of their ads!

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EDITORIAL MUTTERINGS

GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS: As everyone can see we have a new title and a smaller format, but this newsletter will go back to monthly after a brief attempt to be bi-monthly. Subscriptions will now be \$20.00 for a 12-issue subscription and each issue will only contain from 6 to 9 sheets (that's from 12 to 18 pages - assuming that we have no insert books). The price increase was necessary for two reasons. First, because the price of printing went up about 20% at the beginning of this year and postage will be going up in April --- also being out of a job for a while convinced me that this publication should be completely SELF-SUPPORTING - as many of you know I had been footing about 20% to 25% of the bill for each issue because I wanted to keep the subscription price as low as possible --- that would have become impossible sooner or later, my unemployment just moved things up on the schedule a bit.

The page count will vary with the amount of time I have available. (The subscription price is set for producing a 15 page newsletter on average, so by varying between 12 and 18 pages, over a year's time it should average out to 15 pages an issue.) As many of you may know, I have to spend a lot of time running the general C/FO and since Robert has quit as Chapter Secretary, more time answering letters for C/FO-San Antonio as well. And there are only 24 hours in a day so something has to give somewhere.

This publication will also be made available to all general C/FO members --- they will be able to subscribe when they join the general C/FO as the option will appear on the general C/FO membership application! The contents of this publication will probably not change all that much --- except that all strictly C/FO-San Antonio stuff may begin appearing in insert booklet format to allow more room for articles of a more general interest. The more subscribers we get, the better! (The cost per page will come down and the page count will be able to increase.)

Good news, the Executive Committee of the C/FO voted to purchase a Personal Publishing program for my Apple IIe. This will be used to upgrade the looks of all C/FO publications, including this one - hopefully, starting with the next issue!

ANIME RANCH: This story by "Jim Bob Tyleen" about the C/FO-San Antonio taping operation was written by a member of C/FO-San Antonio who does not even live in Texas and who has never met any of the C/FO-SA tape dubbers - and while things are not nearly as bad (and never have been as bad) as anything "Jim Bob" says, the basic idea that he is trying to convey is absolutely correct!

SPECIAL THANKS: This issue would be even smaller if it were not for the special efforts of Karen Helmer, Vice-President of SDF-Fort Worth (and one very good friend of the editor) who not only finished up her story of Fightin' Bob's mysterious adventures in Fort Worth, but typed them up in columns to fit our format! Thanks, Karen, for effort above and beyond the call of duty!

A NOTE FROM ROBERT: Robert has asked me to relay the following message. My plea for assistance in the December issue has gotten some submissions and some offers to help take over some of the videotaping. Thanks should go out to Paul Ortega, Ed Sevcik, Brian Jordan, Ben Dunn and the few others who wrote to offer to help. Unfortunately, we don't have the room to list their addresses here, but they do have taping policies similar to ours and large tape libraries. When we print the next membership directory, look them up.

Randall S. Stukey, Editor
Chief Protector Against Silliness (CPAS)

ANIME FANDOM NEWSWIRE

Paul Young of 3217 Shelley Str, Victoria, BC, CANADA V8P 4A6 will be publishing the first issue of an anime fanzine called ANIMANGL this summer. It'll be 52 pages for \$2.50 (including postage). But write Paul before sending money because he never has said whether that is \$2.50 in US or in Canadian dollars!!

C/FO-Hayward and C/FO-Denver have pulled out of the C/FO over various differences with the C/FO board of directors. Apparently, so has C/FO-CVA - although they never have officially said so.

David Merrill of 3314 Ann Road, Smyrna, GA 30080 is now the editor of the NEW C/FO BULLETIN. Please send him some submissions ASAP (or even sooner)! He needs articles badly. He also needs artwork, but not nearly as badly as he needs articles!!

DOWN ON THE ANIME RANCH
by Jim Bob Tyleen

Ncha, y'all. Name's Jim Bob Tyleen. I'm an Anime Ranger. See my Kenshiro Badge with the mini-nunchucks? Heard you was comin' over this way. You and me, we need to have a little talk.

Let's just mosey over to the Anime Ranch, OK? Yup, it's the C/FO-San Antonio spread. Now wait a minute, don't run off. I'm not gonna stomp your butt. Not this time. But I gave my word to the folks over here that I'd set you straight...

You guessed it. It's about the tapes. They figured maybe if someone drew you a picture...

Come on over here, I wanta show you somthin. See that? The shotgun shack over there? That's the C/FO-San Antonio tape dubbing plant.

Yeah, I know. You figured on banks of 4 head VCR's as far as the eye can see, cheerful employees in white lab coats, and the latest industrial robots. So de wa nai, Buckaroo. It's just those two guys doing it.

What two guys, you say? Look real close now. There. Did you see that 12 foot pile of tapes yonder? It moved. That's one of them. The other one ain't around right now. One day they found him surrounded by hundreds of shredded-up postal mailers, waving a bulk tape eraser through the air, and yelling, "I can't believe I'm doing this for free!" Then he'd start gigglin' like he was watchin' GAMER, SUPER MONSTER. He's okay now, but I had to promise that I wouldn't bring you here when he's around. There's too many sharp objects laying about. Just can't take the chance.

Where you goin', boy? You as nervous as a scalded pup. I just wanta help you get your mind right. Let's just check out a coupla things. Yeah, it's over here. Watch your step, now. Put your foot on one of these \$1.98 Megasonics and I'll haveta drag you over to the clinic for a shot. They'll be gone once the ridin' vaccuum cleaner gets fixed...

Yep. Here it is. Your tape request. Let's have a look. You don't mind, do you?

Well, you do have your name and address sort of written down. Looks like the Quaalude problem is still with us. Tell you what. Get your monna to print it out for you, we won't tell anybody. Otherwise, try a typewriter, okay?

Let's see what it says...Hmmm...No tape number here, just an incomplete title --- DIRTY PAIR...Not much help there. Hoss, these folks ain't takin' freelance puzzle submissions and they also ain't interested in playin' JEOPARDY with you either.

Check this other tape. Uh oh...Say, Pardner, did you set up a swap on this little jewel? Didn't think so. Don't you think 3 different tapes on one cassette without a trade is kinda crowding these folks a mite?

Oh yeah. Here's your return envelope. My God, I can read your name and address on this just perfect. You been fakin' this...this penmanship dystrophy, haven't you? Don't worry. I ain't gonna tell. You wanta be a freelance poster child on a handwriting sick-a-thon, you go right ahead. Just don't try to run that number around here.

Damn. You left off the postage. You figure that they gonna send it for free? I didn't want to tell you this, amigo, but I guess I have to. You got to buy your own, and put it on all by yourself. Yeah, I know, it's unfair as hell that nobody sees the unique personal qualities that make you a tragically misunderstood, yet secretly beautiful human being --- AND is willing to cover your postage; but that's life.

You left off the number of tapes enclosed on the return envelope too. Burl, haven't you heard? The psychic they used to restore all this missin' data done had a complete nervous breakdown. One day he started projecting visions of breakdancin' chinchillas onto the tapes bein' dubbed. The government picked him up and parked him in Wyoming til they figure out what to do with him. All the other psychometrists and long distance telepaths are working for political lobbyists and extortionists. So that's another bit of work you gonna have to do yourself. Sorry 'bout that.

My, my, my! What've we got here? Looks like a letter. From you. Hmph. You pressed down hard with the ol' crayon, Duke. You must of been real upset. Man, I didn't know you was such a tough waddy. Sez here if you don't get your tapes pronto, you've gonna perpetrate some kind of massive direness. Mercy. By the way, did you know you just violated the number one rule of Evil Badass Correspondence? "Always threaten anonymously." Well, it's too late for you now. One thing's for sure. You're definitely gonna get special treatment from now on. Why, I'll betcha you'll be gettin' dinner invitations from Howard Hughes about the same time these folks deal with you again.

Say what? You know you done wrong? You wanta do right by these folks? Sure nuff? Do you really mean it or are you just snortin' fireflies so you can fire tracer boogers? All right. Before you do anything, READ THE RULES. All of them. When they change read them again. Look, you don't need a bicentennial IQ to figure them out. Read them and then, FOLLOW THEM. Wakarimasu Ka?

And you know sumthin, you could do some good in other directions. For one thing, you could swap tapes one for one straight up instead of trying to get over on folks. Do it long enuff and pretty soon you'll be walkin' erect and lightin' your own fires. That's right, you'll be evolvin' into a Trufan. And if'n you can bust loose another VCR from your semi-doting parents---or even buy one---you could even pick off some of the load stacked up at this here dubbin' plant and cut those guys some slack. You do that, and you'll have taken the first step on the path of Transcendental Animation. It's up to you, Pardner.

Glad we had this little talk. I 'spect I'd better be headed back. Sayonara, Buckaroo.



MANGAMANIA

by Wayne O. Williams

In the last eight months, a virtual explosion of manga translations have appeared on the domestic market. Long admired from afar, and cited as a primary influence for such creators as Frank Miller and Scott McCloud, the Japanese manga holds a respected position in the publishing industry of that country. Some of these manga, which are also the original source material for much of the anime produced in Japan, are now available translated in reasonably priced packages.

Of what value are these translated manga to the diehard anime fan? The most obvious value is that they are in English and are therefore easily understood. More specifically, however, they reveal the intimate links between anime and manga, a common visual language, with a vocabulary that draws equally upon the techniques of illustration and cinematography. As Fred Bruke, editor of Eclipse Comics, observed, "Japanese comics and Japanese animation are interchangeable, because the Japanese comic art style is so very cinematic...there's a much more rapid flow of information into the brain."

The first manga to be translated for the American market was Takao Saito's GOLGO 13. Four volumes have been released to date, although these are not taken from the original 63 volumes published; they are highlights selected with American tastes in mind. Be assured, they reflect the hard-edged, ruthless tone evidenced in the feature animated film. Golgo 13, aka Duke Togo, is an amoral assassin who will kill anyone for a price and has no loyalties. Strong stuff, especially for those of us who like to be able to tell the good guys from the bad, but very intense and well conceived; particularly #4, wherein a client attempts to weasel on his contact with Duke. This series is distributed by Books Nippan and is available by mail order.

May of last year saw the release of books by both First Comics and by a co-publishing venture of Eclipse and Shogakukan, the latter through its US subsidiary, VIZ Communications. First Comics received the most attention with their translation of LONE WOLF AND CUB, by Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima. The story of Ogami Itto and his son Daigoro totalled 28 volumes in its Japanese edition, and has been praised by no less than Frank Miller, who cites it as an influence on his own work and is doing the covers for the American edition. This series has been adapted into other media, including six live-action films; two of which were combined in the domestically released

SHOGUN ASSASSIN. Be advised, however, that the quality of this edited version is NOT representative of the original films (kind of like **BATTLE OF THE PLANETS** not being representative of **GATCHAMAN**).

Eclipse/Viz has released four titles to date. The first was **KAMUI** by Sanpei Shirato, under whom Goseki Kojima apprenticed. This series focuses on Kamui, renegade ninja, as he seeks to preserve his life and freedom in medieval Japan. **KAMUI** has been adapted into anime.

The second series, **AREA 88**, by Kaoru Shinani, is familiar to most anime fans through the three OVA features that have been released. The original manga stories go into much more in-depth details about the background of Shin Kazama, Mick Simmons, Saki, Rocky, and the other members of the Mercenary Air Force of Asran, clearly delineated in self-contained stories in each issue (14 as of this writing), which should make it easy to pick up this series.

The third book from Eclipse/Viz on the stands is **MAI THE PSYCHIC GIRL**, produced by Kazuya Kudo and Ryoichi Ikeami. This series is about young Mai's struggle to elude the machinations of the Wisdom Alliance, a conspiratorial organization which dominates world affairs. Although I do not know if this has ever been adapted as animation, **MAI** is worth a look simply for its intriguing storyline and excellent art.

The latest Eclipse/Viz release is **XENON**, a science fiction series by Masao Kanazaki and only two issues have been released as this is written. **XENON** concerns Asuka Kano, a high school student who, after vanishing for three months, turns up transformed into an exceptionally powerful cyborg and amnesiac. An underground weapons manufacturer, the Bloody Seas, are anxious to reclaim what they consider to be their "property".

The tide of translated manga has yet to abate. Marvel's Epic comic line has announced plans to release an adaptation of Katsuhiro's Otomo's **AKIRA** in a monthly squarebound format in May. Go Nogi is producing an all-original graphic novel based on **MAZINGER Z** for First Comics. Eclipse has, at long last, announced plans to release an English edition of **URUSEI YATSURA**. It seems at long last, for manga and anime fans, the tide has come in.

HEY, WANTA JAPANESE PEN PAL? by Wayne Wright

As we know, one of the major ways some of us in the C/FO acquire new anime (especially episodes of series) is through pen-pals (also known as pen-friends) in Japan. The general C/FO membership application asks us if we would be interested in corresponding with others of similar interests. Well, the C/FO Membership Directory does allow us to contact fellow C/FO members---but what about people in JAPAN with similar interests?

Recently, I wrote to three "pen-friend clubs" in Japan requesting information on how to obtain a Japanese pen-pal. Well, I received a response, but not from any of the clubs I wrote to. Rather, I received a response from the "Association of Pen-Friend Clubs of Japan" (which apparently oversees other Japanese pen friend clubs). In it was enclosed a letter (in English) thanking me for my interest and a brochure about the Association, as well as an application (also in English). I filled out the application and mailed it back (I hadn't been having very much luck with the mail lately, so I half-expected it to get lost). About 2 or 3 weeks later, I actually started getting letters from Japanese high-school students saying that they had received my name from the Association and asking me if I wanted to be their pen-pals. At the

moment, I have five Japanese pen-friends (all girls).

Well, since it seems that I have been having luck with the Association, I thought that it would be nice if I published their address for as many as possible to see. So here it is:

Association of Pen Friend Clubs of Japan
Hongo P.O. Box No. 100
Bunkyo-ku Tokyo 113-91
JAPAN

What I would suggest is sending them a typed letter in plain English requesting information on how to obtain a pen-friend. Don't worry, they don't charge you anything to join, and the application asks you basic items such as name, address, interests, age, preferred age-range of your pen-friend(s), etc.

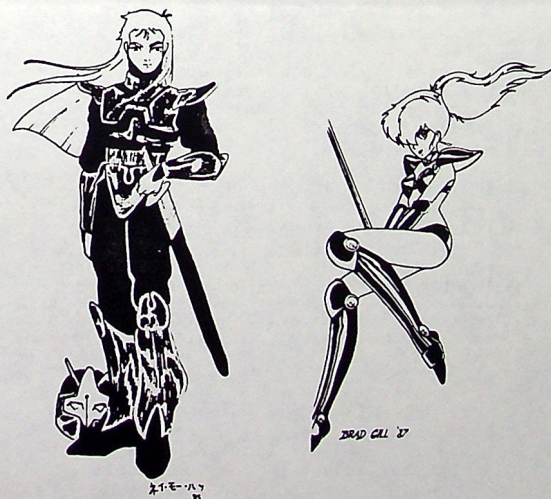
According to an information sheet I've read, the Association has about 140,000 members (wow!) and their main interest is correspondence with people from foreign countries. They actively encourage members to tell their friends about the Association. Now, I'm not guaranteeing that you will get a pen-friend who is an anime fan (although most of mine are), but at least it can give you a chance to make friends in Japan and, at the very least, learn more about Japan itself.

I urge all of you who are interested to give the Association a try. I think you will enjoy it!

POSTAL RATES TO INCREASE IN APRIL

For those of you that have not heard, the US Post Office is raising the cost of mailing sometime in April. For 1st class mail, the first ounce will be 25 cents and each additional ounce will be 20 cents. This will put the cost of mailing two tapes at somewhere between \$2.80 and \$3.00 (note, this is a guess). Any tapes mailed in to us should have the new postage amounts on the return mailer. If they do not, we will mail them out "as is" which means that you will either get them postage due or not get them at all, depending on the whim of the post office.

You need to start putting the extra postage on NOW, because we already have tapes that will probably not be mailed out until after the rate increase in our taping pile now! Thank you for your cooperation!



Fightin' Bob's Adventures in Ft. Worth

By Karen/Yuki

Chapter 2: Seig Heill

While on their way to a tuxedo rental shop, trying to unravel the bizarre puzzle of Ran Kenstukey's death, the crewmembers of the SDF-Ft. Worth aboard the Millennium Condor have uncovered a new problem.

"Yep, we are being followed all right," Arsene Solo, captain of the Condor, confirmed.

"Well, can you lose them?" the SDF-Fleet Commander, Shogo Takatoku, asked.

"We can sure try," promised Solo.

With that, the Condor lurched into evasive maneuvers -- all over the sidewalks! Solo's hands flew over the control panel, commanding the craft to move in ways it had not been built to move.

The Condor slid up the side of a building and zoomed around a curve, leading the Commander to wonder where they were getting their flight instructors these days. He made a mental note to check into that when, or if, they ever got back to the SDF.

As the Condor leveled off temporarily, the Commander took the opportunity to ask, "Can the computer give us any information on our pursuer?"

"Hmmm. Good question. I'll have to get our computer expert, Louis Yashica, for that," Solo said. Flipping a switch on his control panel he said, "Louis, would you come to the cockpit, please -- on the double."

Before you could say, "Wings of Honneamise", a tall, dark-haired man wearing technical goggles appeared in the doorway of the cockpit. "You needed something, Solo?" he asked.

"Louis! Prompt as usual," Solo remarked. "Check the computer and see what you can find out about the goofball that's following us while I handle the evasive action."

Immediately the soft-spoken computer expert took his seat at the computer terminal and began strumming the keys for information.

"It seems to be a hover car of some type. The make is . . . a Hyundai?" Louis paused to check the data. "No, scratch that, it's a Haidyun," he said. "At any rate, it is still following us, but rather irrationally."

The Commander and the others onboard exchanged puzzled glances, while they hung on for dear life thanks to Arsene Solo's "evasive" maneuvers.

A few passenger tossing moments later and the Condor abruptly came to a halt. Commander Takatoku had to peel himself off of the rear bulkhead before he could catch his breath. "What happened? Why have we stopped?!" he asked, once his feet were on the floor again.

"For one thing, we have eluded our pursuer," Solo answered, seeming quite pleased with himself. "And for another, we have arrived at the tuxedo shop -- per your instructions."

"Oh," said the Commander, calming down a bit. "Good."

"I wonder who would want to follow us," mused Sara. "And why did they leave so quickly?"

"I guess my great driving skill didn't have a THING to do with that, hmmm?" Solo asked, his ego obviously bruised by the lack of attention.

"No really, Sara has a good question," said Fightin' Bob. "Maybe we'd better be prepared for trouble." At that, ominous music filled the air.

"Ooooh, this means something," someone said, voicing the thoughts of everyone present.

What no one noticed was that the suspicious hover craft had followed the Millennium Condor just long enough to determine its destination, then it veered off onto a new course. Shortly, the vehicle came to a halt outside a public computer booth. A hunched, dark-clad figure making bizarre choking noises emerged from the vehicle, as such figures often do, "bent" on a vile, uncivilized purpose . . .

The passengers of the Condor stepped off the craft into the glaring light of a neon sign flashing "World O' Suits".



"Classy huh?" Solo remarked sarcastically.

"Well, this is what you came for Bob," Yuki said. "Let's see what's inside. After you," she added, motioning for Bob to lead the way.

As Fightin' Bob stepped through the door of the shop, the others heard him exclaim, "Wow! Look at all the suits!"

In response, the rest of the group quickly shoved their way past the doors and saw why Bob was impressed. Inside the shop were rows and rows of displays as far as the eye could see. This store apparently carried every kind of suit imaginable!

"Hey, with a selection like this, I'm sure you could find something you liked, Commander," Sara purred, moving closer to him.

The Commander did his best to politely ignore her remark and get on with the business at hand. He cleared his throat and said, "Okay,

let's see what clues we can find." He paused, and noticing the group sticking together like a protocluture molecule, he added, "And everyone . . . spread out. We look like a cadet review!"

They all looked each other over trying to see what trait in the others was "cadet review".

A few puzzled glances and shruggs were exchanged, then they gave up and began to examine the shop as ordered.

Commander Takatoku, Sara, and Louis split off into one group and approached the sales counter. Soon they were assaulted by the wailing greeting of the establishment's owner.

"Waaaaaiiilllll Howdy! Billy Ed Redneck here," he said while grasping the Commander's hand and shaking it vigorously. "What ken I do fer ya?"

Meanwhile Yuki, Bob, and Solo were perusing another area of the store.

"Look over here guys," Yuki said. "This must be the antique section. Here's a suit called--" she paused, bending closer to the display to read the title, "--'Tin Woodsman'?"

"Sure sounds old to me," Solo remarked. "Here's one called 'Mazinger Z'," he added while pointing to a huge piece of mecha.

"Wow!" Bob laughed. "I haven't seen any of those since they banned the 'Brady Bunch' show."

"It's a wonder we ever evolved, isn't it?" Yuki grinned.

Commander Takatoku, who was finding it difficult to get a word in edgewise, was trying to explain to Mr. Redneck what they wanted. "Uh, Mr. Redneck, Sir," he began again. "I'm Fleet Commander Takatoku of the SDF-Ft. Worth." He held out his I.D. badge for the old man's inspection. "I have a few questions I need to ask you, if I may."

The old man, suddenly interested in the subject, peered closely at the badge. He then began to laugh.

"Guffaw guffaw guffaw," he guffawed. "You mean you actually bought one of them? I ain't seen anyone with one of them since they banned that there 'Brady Bunch' series."

Puzzled, the Commander looked down at the badge he held in his hand to find, not his SDF-Command I.D., but a DFF 3-day pass instead. Embarrassed, he quickly found the correct badge and displayed it for the old merchant to view.

"Ahem. We're, uh, looking for information regarding the Mark II Mobile Suit you recently rented out," he continued, trying to regain his composure. "We have reason to suspect the renter was involved in some recent trouble in San Antonio."

The owner nodded and grinned widely as he looked over the new I.D. badge before him. Satisfied with the correct badge, he said, "Wail let's jes see what I ken find out fer ya."

He directed the three to follow him to the store's computer. Soon he was calling up the desired information on the suspect suit.

"Here we are," he said. Pointing at the screen he continued, "Sez here the renter was . . . wait a minut'!" He stopped and bent down to take a good look at the screen. "I must be seein' things," he remarked in disbelief as he turned to face the Commander. "I could 'a' sworn this was a different address a secon' a go."

With that, Commander Takatoku stepped behind the counter himself, in order to take a look at the computer screen. As he watched, the information on the screen changed . . . all by itself!

"This is damned peculiar," the Commander mumbled. He stood up and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, pondering the bizarre occurrence. "That address seems to be back at the main SDF complex. It almost looks like . . . but it couldn't be." He considered the information a moment longer then turned and called to his first officer, "Yukil! Come over here and take a look at this."

Upon hearing the Commander's summons, the others, inconspicuously, rushed over one another to see what their leader had found. Yuki stepped behind the counter at Commander Takatoku's request and looked at the computer screen.

"What is this? That looks like my cabin section!" Looking up at her commander she questioned, "This is the information on the renter of the suit, right?" The Commander nodded in response. She looked back at the screen in disbelief and noticed something new. "Oh, wait a minute. This section number is 4928215. My section number is 4928217," she noted, relief filling her voice.

"Did you say 4928215? That's MY cabin section!" Solo cried as he leaped behind the counter and snatched the monitor toward himself for a closer look. "Hey, I never . . . I mean, you can't possibly think . . . ?" he stammered in shock at what the evidence implied. "It couldn't have been me. The Condor just got out of the shop! Er, I mean I, uh, just finished tuning it up!"

"It's okay Solo," Commander Takatoku said, reassuring him with a pat on the back. "We know it wasn't you. But something strange is definitely going on around here, and I want to get to the bottom of it."

Fightin' Bob, who had been taking notes on all of this, decided to ask the owner a question himself, "Is there any reason you know of why your records would be changing like that?"

"Not that I ken think of," Mr. Redneck replied. "'Sept maybe a goofball at a computer terminal somewheres tamperin' with 'em."

Bob nodded and was considering that possibility when an urgent beeping interrupted.

"Don't look at me!" Solo said defensively.

Commander Takatoku smiled and brought out his high-tech wallet. Flipping it open, he spoke into the device, "Takatoku here. What is it?"

"Yeoman Rand Wilson reporting, Sir," came the voice from the other end. "I'm sorry to interrupt you but we have an important plot complication developing. The SDF communications robot just received a threatening message."

The Commander looked up at his fellow officers. His face held an expression of surprise and concern.

The voice from the wallet continued, "I think you'd better be in the Command Center for this one."

"On our way," the Commander agreed.
"Takatoku out."

Turning to the shopkeeper the Commander said, "Thank you, Mr. Redneck, for all of your help. Please be sure to contact us if you get any reliable information on this."

"Sure thing," Billy Ed said. "And anytime any of you ever need a suit, jes let me know -- ya hear?" The shopkeeper gave a friendly wave as he watched them leave.

Once outside, the Commander turned to the Condor's captain and ordered, "Solo, get us back to the SDF . . . fast!"

"Yeesss Sir!" Arsene Solo jumped, ready to reaffirm his loyalty.

Everyone had to scramble to get onboard the Condor before its eager captain could take off and leave them behind.

In getting back to the SDF, Solo managed to break his own record set in the "Skaggs Dash" which had been 20 miles covered in 5 minutes -- and with no transmission fluid! Once again the Millenium Condor's passengers ended up having to pick themselves up or peel themselves off of the rear of the craft after suffering its powerful "G-Force".

As soon as they reached the SDF, everyone hurried off the Condor and rushed to get to the Command Center, finding out on the way just how many people could fit into a turbo lift before it screamed under the excess weight. Arriving at the Command Center's bridge, the entire group hustled to take their places. Commander Takatoku, taking his seat in the central Command-Chair, asked for an update of the situation.

"We are just receiving another transmission, Sir," Yeoman Rand Wilson answered.

"On the main viewer, please," the Commander said.

Two of the crewmen at the communications console tried to follow the Commander's order at the same instant.

"Take off! I'm pushing the button," one crewman argued to the other.

"No way you hoser, I am!" came the heated reply.

"Get out you knob! The Commander ordered me to do it."

"Will SOMEONE push the fardling button!" Commander Takatoku finally exclaimed.

With the button finally pushed, the huge view screen before them flickered to life, displaying a humanoid form. The image, holding a brandy snifter in one hand, began sputtering, snorting, and spitting out his words. "This is Seig Heil the Third - reich," it said. The last part was more a noise than a word.

Leaning over toward Yuki, Bob remarked quietly, "Well, now we have that burning question out of the way."

Seig continued confidently, "I have cleverly concealed an explosive device aboard the SDF-Ft. Worth and I plan to destroy said vessel if you do not give in to the following demands."

The being then leaned closer and, making an almost inhuman snorting noise, said, "I want complete control over the SDF; I want complete loyalty from it's crew; I want all bridge personnel to cower before me; I want a puppy; I want a car, a really fast car -- one that gets shitty mileage; and . . ." the creature paused to take a sip from its brandy snifter.

"What?!" a startled Commander Takatoku cried.

Yeoman Wilson asked, "Did we hear that right? Did he say a puppy?"

"Obviously a very confused personality type," Lt. Datum commented.

"And I thought Baka was unusual," Fightin' Bob mumbled.

The image had finished its dramatic pause and, drooling brandy ever so slightly, added, "And, I want you to immediately hand over to me, Seig Heil the Third - reich, your first officer, Yuki Tori, to become my lawfully wedded love puppet!"

Finishing his bizarre list of demands, the creature laughed maniacally.

The bridge crew was stunned. Looks of extreme surprise and shock abounded. The Commander signalled for Yeoman Wilson to cut the sound portion of the transmission.

Yuki's eyes were wide with dismay. "He can't be serious," she said, turning to her commander for assurance.

"There's no way we're going to meet those demands," the Commander said angrily. "A PUPPY! Sheesh. And I don't suppose you'd be willing to consider giving in to that last part, would you first officer?"

"COMMANDER?!" Yuki gasped, amazed. "How could you even suggest--?!"

"Sir! She is your first officer. Surely that means something," Yeoman Wilson said, jumping to Yuki's defense.

"Yes, yes. Of course it does. I didn't mean that. You must have heard me wrong," the Commander said. "But what ARE we going to do about this?"



He puzzled on the matter for a moment. Then, turning to Yuki he said, "What this calls for is for me to make a command decision." Yuki nodded at the logic of his statement. "That means I will have to go into a deep, DEEP trance in order to sort this out," he concluded. And before anyone could say a thing, the Commander did just that.

"What?" Yuki yelled. "Not NOW!"

"Yep, he's buggered off all right," said one of the crew as they stood before the Commander waving frantically in the vain attempt to break his trance.

"Oh great! What a time for a 'Command Decision'," an exasperated Yuki said. "What am I supposed to do now? I was included in the demands!"

"I could take the Condor out and run a few missiles through Seig there," Solo eagerly offered. "I'd enjoy that," he added to himself.

Suddenly a new image appeared on the viewscreen before them. The audio controls automatically switched back on.

"H-h-h-hi there! Time for M-M-Max!" the plastic looking face stammered. "Are we having a little Prob-LEM? Hmmm?"

"What's that?!" an astonished Fightin' Bob asked.

"That is our ship's friendly computer generated crewmember -- Max Legroom McCarn," Yeoman Wilson answered.

"Yes, Max, we have a problem," Yuki said to the screen. "And unless you can help right now--"

"H-h-hey! Just ask me!" Max offered. "I might just happen to know where this bo-ZO is transmitting from."

"Sir, with that information I think I could devise a plan to--" Datum suggested.

That was all the first officer needed to hear. "Great Max! If you do know where that signal is originating, please feed the coordinates into Lt. Datum's control panel."

"No prob-problem," Max replied as he looked down toward the control panel, his brow furrowing in concentration as he followed Yuki's request.

Datum began computing the figures immediately. In no time, he was through. "I have him now," he mumbled to himself. Then, recovering from his momentary brush with the Dark Side, he turned to the first officer and delivered his findings in his usual, calm manner. "He seems to be located at a public computer booth, Sir."

"Good," Yuki said. "Now, what is this plan you mentioned?"

"Well, Sir, I beleive it may be possible to rig up our transporting beam to get him out of there and, therefore, prevent him from carrying out his threat." Datum paused and raised a hand in warning, "However it is risky. It will be a sling-shot effect and it will not be easy to control the distance or the destination."

"I don't think we have any choice at this point," Yuki commented.

"It could be 5 kilometers or 5000 kilometers," Datum warned.

"Let's try it," the first officer ordered.

She then turned and headed for the exit, signalling for the others to follow. Pausing at the lift doors, she looked back and said, "Sara, would you please escort the Commander to the Transporting Room as soon as he wakes . . . uh, I mean as soon as he comes to his decision."

"Yes, Sir!" Sara replied smartly. "Gladly, Sir!"

However, before Yuki could enter the lift, Commander Takatoku snapped out of his trance and decisively walked to the lift to join them.

"Good decision, first officer," he told Yuki. "I knew you could do it."

For a moment Yuki stared in amazement at her commander, then she simply shook her head and smiled, following him into the compartment. Once everyone was inside, the doors automatically closed and the lift began it's descent.

When the doors opened again, the group found themselves in the Transporting Room. Lt. Datum immediately rushed to the control board to begin the computations. The others disembarked and began the work of setting up the various support systems for the procedure.

After working with the equations for a quite a few moments, Datum reported, "This is becoming quite complex. Commander, may I enlist your aid?"

The Commander nodded and, before going to assist Datum, he turned the controls of the console he had been working on to Louis Yashica.

The tension continued to mount -- they were running out of time.

"If only Ran Kenstukey were still around," Yuki wished idly. "He would know what to do."

"Yeah, he would just love something like this wouldn't he?" Fightin' Bob agreed.

As if in response to their musings, a strange distortion of the air molecules in one corner of the Transporting Room occurred. As the distortion worsened and then cleared, an archaic looking booth appeared. Then the tall door on the front of the booth opened and none other than Ran Kenstukey walked out. Everyone was speechless -- this was impossible!

Kenstukey said nothing but went straight to the control board which Datum and the Commander had been toiling over. He checked the figures and quickly punched in a few additional equations. Smiling to himself, he pronounced it good, and before anyone could say a word, Kenstukey returned to the booth and opened the door. He paused before disappearing behind it and saluted the crew -- who were, at that moment, still in a state of shock over his appearance. Then, in a twinkling, he was gone. The booth had disappeared.

Suddenly the tension broke and everyone noticed they had not been breathing.

"Was that really--?" Yuki gasped.

"I don't know," Bob replied, equally amazed. "It sure looked like him."

"Datum, how are the computations," the Commander asked, remembering their immediate problem.

"They are completed, Sir. And, they appear to be correct," Datum answered, sounding a little surprised.

"I see," the Commander said, smiling slightly. Then in a more serious tone he continued, "Well, it's now or never. Are you ready?"

Datum checked the figures one final time and replied, "Yes, sir."

The Commander took a deep breath and said, "Begin."

Seig Heil was still enjoying his hold over the SDF when he felt the transporting beam begin to take effect on him. His joy quickly faded and turned to rage. How could this be happening? How did they find him? His mind raced. Where would he go, what would he do . . . ?

As the beam began to scramble his molecules, he let out a terrible scream in frustration at the destruction of all of his wonderful plans.

Datum and the Commander feverishly worked the controls of the transporting beam. In the chamber, a writhing mass began to materialize. The image changed continuously. At one moment it looked almost like Scarlett O'Hara, the next it looked like Gollum. The most frequent image, however, was that of a massive, quivering blob covered with tentacles.

"Blecccchh! Didn't I see that in 'Call me Tonight'?" the Commander wondered.

"No, it was in an 'Iczer' video," Bob said.

"Looks more like something out of 'Pink Milk' to me," Louis added.

"Quick," Yuki cried. "Reverse polarity and beam it back out of here! Widest possible angle."

As Datum and the Commander manipulated the final sequence of controls, a "Don't Panic" sign lit up with friendly reassuring letters in a previously inconspicuous spot. Soon the chamber was empty. The entire room was filled with relief. Everyone began shaking each other's hands and congratulating one another. Their goal had been accomplished.

As Fightin' Bob was preparing to return to CFO/HQ via a short trip on the Condor to the Anime Express station, Yuki decided to bring up the matter of their strange experience in the Transporting Room.

"Uh, Bob," she began. "About that strange Kenstukey appearance . . ."

"Yeah, that was strange," Bob said.

"You might not want to say too much about it when you get back home," she suggested. "I mean, people might think it was a bit crazy."

"You're right," he agreed. "It's kind of like one of those old UFO sightings -- no one would believe it!"

"What will you report then?" Commander Takatoku asked.

"Well, I guess I'll just tell Baka the truth . . . nothing unusual happened here," Bob said with a straight face. Then he cracked a mischievous smile and, one by one, they all began to laugh.

Epilogue:

Not too far a way, in the Fringe Territory -- where things live, die, and live again -- the Big-D sub-station was receiving an unusual signal.

"Sir, I think you ought to take a look at this," a technician said. "We're getting a strange signal of some kind."

"What is it?" the commanding officer asked. "Can you identify it?"

"I'm not sure but it seems to be a transportation signal of some sort. I wonder what it's doing way out here?"

"Hmmm. That is strange," the officer said. "Well, we won't know unless we look. Some poor bugger probably just messed up his coordinates or something. Go ahead and bring it in," he ordered. "Let's see what we've stumbled on to . . ."

THE END . . . ?

MARCH MEETING SCHEDULE AND EPISODE SYNOPSIS

1:00 - 1:30	Ge Ge Ge no Kitaro #2
1:30 - 2:00	Mobile Suit Gundam #4
2:00 - 2:30	Urusei Yatsura #2
2:30 - 3:00	Batchman 11 #1
	C/FO-SA Executive Board Meeting
3:00 - 3:30	Dragonar #5
3:30 - 4:00	C/FO-SA Business Meeting
4:00 - 4:30	Saint Seiya #9
4:30 - 5:00	Hokuto no Ken 2 #119
5:00 - 5:30	City Hunter #12
5:30 - 6:00	Votoms #22
6:00 - 7:00	DINNER BREAK
7:00 - 8:30	J-Men Forever
8:30 - 9:00	Hokuto no Ken #96
9:00 - 9:30	Hokuto no Ken #97
9:30 - 10:00	Dirty Pair #9
10:00 - ??:??	Requests

GUNDAM #3 (shown at the January meeting)
By Ray Elliott

This episode begins with White Base running away and Char making his report to Dozubi Zabi. Bright Noah sends Amuro in the Gundam and Ryuu Hoshi (the only regular army type other than Bright Noah left) in a Core fighter to scout around an asteroid. During this mission, they see Char's battleship linking up with another ship. Amuro and Ryuu decide that this would be a good time to attack.

They attack the two ships and during the battle Char and Amuro have their second mobile suit fight. During the battle, one of the generals from Side 3 decides to get into the fight rather than sit around getting pounded in his ship. While the general seems to be a fairly good mobile suit pilot, he ends up fighting Amuro and gets killed for his trouble.

Perhaps the general had decided to try his luck in a mobile suit because White Base joined the attack and was pounding his ship into trash. After destroying one ship and damaging Char's ship, Noah decides to beat a retreat while no one was in any shape to follow them. This episode ends with Amuro and Ryuu getting a coke from Frau Bow and her lunch wagon after receiving their share of kudos from Bright Noah.

GUNDAM #4 (scheduled for February, but missed)
By Ray Elliott

In this episode, the entire bridge crew of White Base is arrested by the military when the vessel arrives at the asteroid base. While the gang are in the brig, Char makes his plans to attack the base.

Char leads a commando raid on the base to destroy it. During this raid, a power outage frees everyone in the brig and the gang get to retake control of White Base and the mobile suit. The wounded captain explains to the base brass that he has given command of White Base to our lovable bunch.

Meanwhile, Amuro and Char are having another of their mobile suit fights while White Base gets free of the blocked asteroid base passageway. As the episode closes, the captain dies and is buried in space while White Base heads for Earth.

VOTOMS #20 (shown at the January meeting)
By David Stowell

Last episode, Chirico was doin' some Real Man Kind of thinking after the big set-to at the local temple. This episode starts off with continued preparations as the Big Guy talks over plans with Jean-Paul.

Vartla's in his copter flying recon and top-cover as Chirico's unit is air-lifted over the wreckage of last episode's fracas. Some guerilla spies watch, then run off. In the guerilla base, Temple of Doom's garage, Boro has a talk with Super-Brat (Ypsilon). Chirico's name is prominent in the discussion. While this is taking place, we get a time-out for some naughty-bits with Fyana in her energy-shower. (Jake Sluggo thinks these scenes add a much needed artistic touch to the show, as well as being highly uplifting. What better recommendation could you have than that?)

Chirico's unit gets a heli-lift on its way to the next target, as enemy lemmings, in tracked armor trundle along through the jungle hidden. Vartla, coptering overhead, does a great job of recon by getting lots of flack thrown at him first, thus alerting everyone else. (A perfect job for the guy! It's always nice to see someone find their place in life.) The unit takes fire as it drops into a hot LZ to deal with the bozos.

Everyone makes the drop okay and fans out. Vartla flies close-support, and manages to wax some baddies on his pass. The ATs close in and start getting hits on the tanks. One AT makes a great down-hill slide into combat by the seat of his Diving Beetle. After the action's over, the unit gets coptered off to a riverboat.

While Fyana's combing her hair, the Super-brat walks in and starts bugging her about Chirico. She knows who her Man is, though (and he don't wear black ear-studs either)! After the rebel leaders get done talkin' and makin' plans, their copters take off with an AT unit (including Bratty), and with Fyana in an observation helicopter. I guess Boro wants her to see Chirico get it and Super-Brat wants to show off in front of her.

Meanwhile, Chirico's boat, with a two gunboat escort, is busy making its way along the river. The men kick back in their armor and engage in some guy-talk for a while. They get the order to suit up for action just as they come under attack. Some Standing Turtles bob up out of the water and start blasting. The guys return fire and get their feet wet. A big fight starts - with Fyana forced to watch from overhead. Boro gets to show everyone watching just what a slime-bucket he really is by grabbing a hold of Fyana and making her look. Chirico almost blasts the helicopter before he sees that she is in it.

Both gunboats get scrapped, but Chirico's unit is eating the enemy's lunch. Unfortunately, Bratty gets some hits on Chirico and his armor starts taking water. From the quick work he does on his instrument panel, I'd say he's having other difficulties as well. While he's going down, Fyana gets fed up with things and forces the copter down, clipping Bratty's armor in the process. Both Chirico and Super-Brat watch as her copter crashes. The episode ends with Chirico's Marshydog going down for the count.

HOKUTO NO KEN #119 by Robert Gibson

It had to happen, Gen Tou Kou Ken versus Hokuto Shinken Kenshiro! What is the secret of this mysterious Falco and why does he serve a slime like Jacou?

CITY HUNTER #12 by Robert Gibson

A child VIP and his beautiful gaurdian come to Ryo for assistance; someone who looks suspiciously like Arnold Swartzenanger wants the kid and Ryo and Kaori agree to help. But is the "City Hunter" the kind of role model the kid needs?

HOKUTO NO KEN #96 & #97 by Robert Gibson

(Because of the impact of this two-part episode, we've voted to show them back to back.) Juuzo the Cloud fights valiantly against Raoh to protect the last of the Nanto commanders from the designs of the "King of Fist." Meanwhile, Kenshiro and Fudooh the Mountain have a talk and the identity of the last commander is revealed! Juuzo fights both Raoh and his own jealousy in perhaps the best episode in the entire series. Revelations galore and Kenshiro's life in changed forever!!

A LETTER FROM THE EXECUTIVE By Randall S. Stukey

NEW CHAPTER SECRETARY: At the January meeting, Leslie Shafer was elected chapter secretary from the remainder of Robert's two-year term. Robert Gibson had resigned effective the first of this year.

GENERAL C/FD REORGANIZATION: As I write this, it appears that the general C/FD after much effort has agreed on a new and radically different set of bylaws. There will now be four classes of membership in the general C/FD: Associate (\$4.00/yr), Regular (\$12.00/yr), Full (\$18.00/yr), and Staff (\$9.00/yr) - all current C/FD members will get to elect one of these membership classes and their current membership expiration date will be adjusted accordingly. All C/FD members will be required to pledge not to buy or sell dubbings of tapes or TV shows for a profit and further, not to deal with those who do! There will only be one type of chapter in the club and these chapters must operate under a Charter from the general C/FD Board of Directors (something like a chapter constitution that must be approved by both the chapter and the C/FD Board of Directors) and ONLY members of the general C/FD will be able to vote at chapter meetings or hold chapter office --- this is to prevent chapters that have only 5 general C/FD members from being controlled by the 80 or 90 members who have not joined the general C/FD, as is somewhat common now. Chapters have been stripped of almost all of their power over the general organization (they can still propose bylaws amendments and propose resolutions for the C/FD Board of Directors to consider)

and in return some of the more troublesome requirements (like chapter representatives) for chapters have been dropped. For those who do not like this centralized control of chapters by the general C/FD, there are Affiliates - totally independent local groups that can associate with the general C/FD by mutual choice.

The C/FD is now governed by a nine-member Board of Directors with six permanent members and three members elected from three different regions by the board for one-year terms. The six permanent members are Randall Stukey (Chairman), Pat Munson-Siter (Vice-Chairman), Ray Elliott (Director of Finance), Barbara Edmunds (Director of Activities), Ann Nichols (Director of Operations), and David Merrill (Director of Publications). The first set of regional directors will be elected by the Board in April. Any C/FD member interested in one of these positions (note there are requirements that must be met) should send a resume of their fan activities and a platform stating their position on various matters of concern to the general C/FD to the main address (C/FD, P.O. Box 18261, San Antonio, TX 78218-0261) AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Over the next few months, C/FD-San Antonio is going to have to decide its future. We need to be thinking of how we want to answer the following two questions:

- 1) Do we want to be a chapter or an affiliate of the C/FD?
- 2) Now that the C/FD is being ran in an intelligent, member-oriented manner, do we wish to continue to be a major national organization or do we want to cut ourselves down to a more local scope and let the general C/FD take up the slack it should have been carrying from the beginning?

MICROCON: C/FD-San Antonio, under the direction of our Lord President, ran a video room at Microcon (a gaming con held in San Marcos over the last weekend in February). Unfortunately, the turnout was very low (perhaps the con should have been named "Picocon"?), but the people were quite nice and everyone seemed to have a pretty good time. However, as an effort to recruit new anime fans, I'd have to call it a failure - the pool of potential recruits was too low.

TAPE THANK YOUS: It's been a long time, so if I miss anyone, you have my humble apologies! First of all, I'd like to thank Yutaka for sending almost six months worth of episodes from Japanese TV --- 20 tapes. I and the entire chapter thank you from the bottom of our hearts!!! Also getting kudos this ish are Gene Chin, Barb Edmunds, and Pat Munson-Siter.

SDF-FORT WORTH DUES INCREASE: Karen Helmer has asked me to pass the word that SDF-Fort Worth has raised their annual dues to \$8.00 a year to cover the increased costs of printing and postage. Anyone interested in joining SDF-Fort Worth should write to Karen/Yuki, 4928 El Campo #217, Fort Worth, TX 76107.

